

THE
Methodist Magazine,

FOR APRIL 1798.

SERMON XV.

ON MATT. xvi. 3.

Ye can discern the Face of the Sky ; but can ye not discern the Signs of the Times ?

1. **T**HE entire passage runs thus : *The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting, desired him, that he would shew them a sign from heaven. He answered and said, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather ; for the sky is red ; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day ; for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky ; but can ye not discern the signs of the times ?*

2. *The Pharisees also with the Sadduces came.* In general these were quite opposite to each other : but it is no uncommon thing for the children of the world to lay aside their opposition to each other (at least, for a season) and cordially to unite in opposing the children of God : *and tempting, that is, making a trial, whether he was indeed sent of God, desired him that he would shew them a sign from heaven,* which they believed no false prophet was able to do. It is not improbable, they imagined, this would convince them, that he was really sent from God. *He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red : and in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering.* Probably there were

more certain signs of fair and foul weather, in their climate, than there are in ours. *O ye hypocrites*, making profession of love, while you have enmity in your hearts: *Ye can discern the face of the sky*, and judge thereby what the weather will be: *but can ye not discern the signs of the times*, when God brings his first begotten Son into the world?

3. Let us more particularly enquire, first, What were *the times*, whereof our Lord here speaks? And what were *the signs* whereby those times were to be distinguished from all others? We may then enquire, secondly, What are *the times* which we have reason to believe are *now* at hand? And how is it that all who are called Christians do not discern *the signs of these times*?

I. 1. Let us in the first place, enquire, What times were those, concerning which our Lord is here speaking? It is easy to answer, The times of the Messiah: the times ordained before the foundation of the world, wherein it pleased God, to give his only begotten Son, to take our nature upon him, to be *found in fashion as a man*, to live a life of sorrow and pain, and at length to be *obedient unto death, even the death of the cross*; to the end that *whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life*. This was the important time, the signs whereof the Pharisees and Sadducees could not discern. Clear as they were in themselves, yet so thick a veil was upon the heart of these men, that they did not discern the tokens of his coming, though foretold so long before.

2. But what were those signs of the coming of that Just One, which had been so long and so clearly foretold? and whereby they might easily have discerned those times, had not the veil been on their heart? They are many in number; but it may suffice to mention a few of them. One of the first is that pointed out in the solemn words spoken by Jacob a little before his death, Gen. xlix. 10. *The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come*. All, both ancient and modern, Jews agree,

that by *Shiloh* we are to understand the Messiah: who was therefore to come according to the prophecy, *before the sceptre*, that is, the sovereignty, *departed from Judah*. But it did without controversy depart from *Judah*, at this very time, an infallible sign, that at this very time *Shiloh*, that is, the *Messiah* came.

3. A second eminent sign of those times, the times of the coming of the Messiah, is given us in the third chapter of the prophecy of Malachi: *Behold, I send my Messenger, and he shall prepare my way before me: (v. 1.) and the Lord, whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple*. How manifestly was this fulfilled, first, by the coming of *John the Baptist*? And then, by our blessed Lord himself, *coming suddenly to his temple*? And what sign could be clearer to those that impartially considered the words of the prophet Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3. *The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight!*

4. But yet clearer signs than these (if any could be clearer) were the mighty works that he wrought. Accordingly he himself declares, *The works which I do, they testify of me*. And to these he explicitly appeals in his answer to the question of *John the Baptist*. (Not proposed, as some have strangely imagined, from any doubt which he had himself; but from a desire of confirming his disciples, who might possibly waver, when their master was taken from their head:) *Art thou he that should come, the Messiah? Or look we for another?* No bare verbal answer could have been so convincing, as what they saw with their own eyes. Jesus therefore referred them to this testimony: *He answered and said unto them, Go and shew John the things which ye hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk: the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them, Matt. xi. 4, 5.*

5. But how then came it to pass, that those who were so sharp-sighted in other things, who could discern the face of the sky, were not able to discern those signs, which

indicated the coming of the Messiah? They could not discern them, not for want of evidence: this was full and clear: but for want of integrity in themselves; because they were a *wicked and adulterous generation*: because the perverseness of their hearts spread a cloud over their understanding. Therefore although the Sun of Righteousness shone bright, yet they were insensible of it. They were not willing to be convinced; therefore they remained in ignorance. The light was sufficient: but they shut their eyes, that they might not see it. So that they were without excuse, till vengeance came upon them to the uttermost.

II. 1. We are in the second place to consider, What are *the times* which we have reason to believe are *now* at hand? And how is it that all who are called Christians do not discern *the signs of these times*?

The times which we have reason to believe are at hand (if they are not already begun) are what many pious men have termed, The time of *the latter-day glory*: meaning the time wherein God would gloriously display his power and love, in the fulfilment of his gracious promise, that *the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea*.

2. "But are there in any part of the world, any *signs* of such a time approaching?" It is not many years since that a person of considerable learning, as well as eminence in the Church (then bishop of *London*) in his Pastoral letter made this observation, "I cannot imagine what persons mean, by talking of *a great work of God* at this time. I do not see any work of God now, more than has been at any other time." I believe it. I believe that great man, did not see any extraordinary work of God. Neither he nor the generality of christians, so called, saw any signs of the glorious day that is approaching. But how is this to be accounted for? How is it that those who can now *discern the face of the sky*, who are not only great philosophers, but great divines, as eminent as ever the Sadducees, yea, or the Pharisees were, do not discern the signs of those glo-

rious times, which if not begun, are nigh, even at the door?

3. We allow, indeed, that in every age of the church, *the kingdom of God came not with observation*; not with splendor and pomp, or with any of those outward circumstances which usually attend the kingdoms of this world. We allow this *kingdom of God is within us*; and that, consequently, when it begins, either in an individual or in a nation, *it is like a grain of mustard-seed*, which at first *is the least of all seeds*; but, nevertheless, gradually increases, till it *becomes a great tree*. Or, to use the other comparison of our Lord, *It is like a little leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened*.

4. But may it not be asked, Are there now any signs that the day of God's power is approaching? I appeal to every candid, unprejudiced person, whether we may not at this day discern, all those signs (understanding the words in a spiritual sense) to which our Lord referred John's disciples. *The blind receive their sight*. Those who were blind from their birth, unable to see their own deplorable state, and much more to see God and the remedy he has prepared for them in the Son of his love, now see themselves, yea, and *the light of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ*. *The eyes of their understanding being now opened*, they see all things clearly. *The deaf hear*. Those that were before utterly deaf, to all the outward and inward calls of God, now hear not only his providential calls, but also the whispers of his grace. *The lame walk*. Those who never before arose from the earth, or moved one step toward heaven, are now walking in all the ways of God; yea, running the race that is set before them. *The lepers are cleansed*. The deadly leprosy of sin, which they brought with them into the world, and which no art of man could ever cure, is now clean departed from them. And surely never in any age or nation since the apostles, have those words been so eminently fulfilled. *The poor have the gospel preached unto them*, as it is at this day. At this

day the gospel leaven, faith working by love, inward and outward holiness, or (to use the terms of St. Paul) *righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*, hath so spread in various parts of Europe, particularly in *England, Scotland, Ireland*, in the islands in the north and south, from *Georgia to New-England and Newfoundland*: that sinners have been truly converted to God, thoroughly changed both in heart and in life; not by tens, or by hundreds only, but by thousands, yea, by myriads! The fact cannot be denied: we can point out the persons, with their names and places of abode. And yet the wise men of the world, the men of eminence, the men of learning and renown, “cannot imagine what we mean by talking of any extraordinary work of God!” They cannot discern the signs of *these times*! They can see no sign at all of God’s arising to maintain his own cause, and set up his kingdom over the earth!

5. But how may this be accounted for? How is it, that they cannot discern the signs of these times? We may account for their want of discernment on the same principle we accounted for that of the Pharisees and Sadducees; namely, that they likewise are what those were, an *adulterous and sinful generation*. If their eye was single, their whole body would be full of light. But suppose their eye be evil, their whole body must be full of darkness. Every evil temper darkens the soul; every evil passion clouds the understanding. How then can we expect, that those should be able to discern the signs of the times, who are full of all disorderly passions, and slaves to every evil temper? But this is really the case. They are full of pride; they think of themselves far more highly than they ought to think. They are vain; they *seek honour one of another, and not the honour that cometh of God only*. They cherish hatred and malice in their hearts: they give place to anger, to envy, to revenge. They return evil for evil and railing for railing. Instead of overcoming evil with good, they make no scruple of demanding an eye for an eye, and a tooth for

a tooth. They *savour not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men.* They set their affections, not on things above, but on things that are of the earth. They *love the creature more than the Creator*: they are *lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.* How then should they discern the signs of the times? The god of this world whom they serve, has blinded their hearts, and covered their minds with a veil of thick darkness. Alas! What have these "souls of flesh and blood," (as one speaks) to do with God or the things of God?

6. St. *John* assigns this very reason, for the Jews not understanding the things of God. Namely, That in consequence of their preceding sins, and wilful rejecting the light, God had now delivered them up to Satan, who had blinded them past recovery. Over and over, when they might have seen, they would not: they shut their eyes against the light. And now they cannot see, God having given them up to an undiscerning mind; therefore they do not believe because that *Isaiah* said, (that is, because of the reason given in that saying of *Isaiah*) *He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their hearts and be converted, and I should heal them.* The plain meaning is, Not that God did this, by his own immediate power. It would be flat blasphemy to say, that God in this sense hardens any man. But his Spirit strives with them no longer, and then Satan hardens them effectually.

7. And as it was with them in ancient times, so it is with the present generation. Thousands of those who bear the name of Christ are now given up to an undiscerning mind. The god of this world hath so blinded their eyes, that the light cannot shine upon them: so that they can no more discern the signs of the times, than the Pharisees and Sadducees could of old. A wonderful instance of this spiritual blindness, this total inability to discern the signs of the times mentioned in scripture, is given us in the very celebrated work of a late eminent writer: who supposes, *the New Jerusalem came down*

from heaven, when *Constantine the Great*, called himself a christian. I say, *called himself a christian*; for I dare not affirm that he *was one*, any more than *Peter the Great*. I cannot but believe, he would have come nearer the mark, if he had said, that was the time, when a huge cloud of infernal brimstone and smoke came up from the bottomless pit. For surely there never was a time wherein Satan gained so fatal an advantage over the church of Christ, as when such a flood of riches, and honour, and power broke in upon it, particularly on the clergy.

8. By the same rule, what signs would this writer have expected of the approaching conversion of the heathens? He would doubtless have expected a hero, like *Charles of Sweden*, or *Frederick of Prussia*, to carry fire, and sword, and christianity through whole nations at once. And it cannot be denied, that since the time of *Constantine*, many nations have been converted in this way. But could it be said concerning such conversions as these, *The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation*? Surely every one must observe a warrior rushing through the land, at the head of fifty or sixty thousand men! But is this the way of spreading christianity, which the author of it, the Prince of Peace, has chosen? Nay, it is not in this manner, that a grain of mustard-seed grows up into a great tree. It is not thus, that *a little leaven leavens the whole lump*. Rather, it spreads by degrees farther and farther, till the whole is leavened. We may form a judgment of what will be hereafter, by what we have seen already. And this is the way wherein true christian religion, the faith that worketh by love, has been spreading, particularly through *Great Britain* and its dependencies, for half a century.

9. In the same manner it continues to spread, at the present time also, as may easily appear to all those whose eyes are not blinded. All those that experience in their own hearts the power of God unto salvation, will readily perceive, how the same religion which they enjoy, is still spreading from heart to heart. They take know-

ledge of the same grace of God, strongly and sweetly working on every side: and rejoice to find another and another sinner, first, enquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" And then testifying, *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.* Upon a fair and candid enquiry, they find more and more, not only of those who had some form of religion, but of those who had no form at all, who were profligate, abandoned sinners, now entirely changed, truly fearing God and working righteousness. They observe more and more, even of these poor outcasts of men, who are inwardly and outwardly changed, loving God and their neighbour; living in the uniform practice of justice, mercy, and truth. As they have time, doing good to all men: easy and happy in their lives, and triumphant in their death.

10. What excuse then have any that believe the scriptures to be the word of God, for not discerning the signs of these times, as preparatory to the general call of the heathens? What could God have done which he hath not done, to convince you that the day is coming, that the time is at hand, when he will fulfil his glorious promises; when he will arise to maintain his own cause, and to set up his kingdom over all the earth? What indeed, unless he had *forced* you to believe? And this he could not do, without destroying the nature which he had given you. For he made you free-agents; having an inward power of self-determination, which is essential to your nature. And he deals with you as free-agents from first to last. As such, you may shut or open your eyes, as you please. You have sufficient light shining all around you: yet you need not see it unless you will. But be assured, God is not well pleased with your shutting your eyes, and then saying, "I cannot see." I counsel you to bestow an impartial examination upon the whole affair. After a candid enquiry into matter of fact, consider deeply, "What hath God wrought?" *Who hath seen such a thing? Who hath learned such a thing? Hath not a nation, as it were, been born*

in a day? How swift, as well as how deep, and how extensive a work has been wrought in the present age? And certainly, *not by might, neither by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord.* For how utterly inadequate were the means? How insufficient were the instruments to work any such effect! At least, those which it has pleased God to make use of in the *British* dominions and in *America*. By how unlikely instruments, has God been pleased to work from the beginning? “A few, young, raw heads, said the bishop of *London*! What can they pretend to do?” They pretended to be *that* in the hand of God, that a pen is in the hand of a man. They pretended (and do so at this day) to do the work whereunto they are sent: to do just what the Lord pleases. And if it be his pleasure, to throw down the walls of *Jericho*, the strong holds of Satan, not by the engines of war, but by the blasts of rams-horns, who shall say unto him, “What dost thou?”

11. Meantime *blest* are your eyes; for they see: many prophets and righteous men have desired to see the things you see and have not seen them, and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them. You see and acknowledge the day of your visitation; such a visitation as neither you nor your fathers had known. You may well say, *This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad therein.* You see the dawn of that glorious day, whereof all the prophets have spoken. And how shall you most effectually improve this day of your visitation?

12. The first point is, See that you yourselves receive not the blessing of God in vain. Begin at the root, if you have not already. Now repent and believe the gospel. If you have believed, *look to yourselves, that ye lose not what you have wrought, but that ye receive a full reward!* Stir up the gift of God that is within you! Walk in the light as he is in the light. And while you hold fast that which you have attained, go on unto perfection. Yea, and when you are made perfect in love, still forgetting the

things that are behind, press on to the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

13. It behoves you in the next place to help your neighbours. *Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.* As you have time, do good unto all men, but especially unto them that are of the household of faith, proclaim the glad tidings of salvation ready to be revealed, not only to those of your own household, not only to your relations, friends, and acquaintance, but to all whom God providentially delivers into your hands. *Ye, who already know in whom you have believed, are the salt of the earth.* Labour to season, with the knowledge and love of God, all that you have any intercourse with. *Ye are a city set upon a hill: ye cannot, ye ought not to, be hid. Ye are the light of the world.* Men do not light a candle, and put it under a bushel: how much less the all-wise God. No, let it shine to all that are in the house, all that are witnesses of your life and conversation. Above all, continue instant in prayer, both for yourselves, for all the church of God, and for all the children of men, that they may remember themselves and be turned unto our God. That they likewise may enjoy the gospel-blessing on earth, and the glory of God in heaven.



An Extract from A SURVEY of the WISDOM of GOD in the CREATION.

[Continued from page 113.]

Of the Horns of divers Animals.

THE horns of many animals fall off every year, and new ones come in their place. Our deer drop them in March, and the new horns are full grown by the July

following. We may very justly rank this, among the most wonderful phenomena of nature, which yields nothing analogous to the growth of such hard solid bodies, of so great a bulk, in so short a time. Many idle opinions have been maintained, concerning the cause of their falling off. The truth seems to be this: They are a sort of vegetables, growing on animals, as the nails and hair on man, and feathers on birds. And there is some analogy between the growth of them, and that of branches and leaves in trees. Trees commonly drop their leaves in autumn, because the nourishing juice flows into them no longer. And at certain periods, these parts of the animal drop off, because the blood and juices cease to flow into them. At this time, the hollow part at the root of the horn grows hard, and the pores through which the juices passed, grow up. And as no more nourishment can then be carried to the horn, it decays and falls off. It is probable this stoppage of the pores happens, as soon as the horns are at their full growth. But they are so fixt to the head, that it takes a long time for them to loosen and fall. Whereas in leaves, their stalks are so tender, that when the juice ceases to flow, they presently wither and fall.

The analogy between the falling off of deer's horns, and the falling of leaves and ripe fruit from the tree, will receive light from observing the process of nature in the latter case. If the stalk from which a ripe orange has fallen, be compared with that part of a deer's forehead, from which a horn is just fallen, it will plainly appear, that nature has operated by the same laws in both. The young horns while yet soft, are full of blood-vessels; and if cut off, especially near the head, bleed violently. By these vessels they are supplied with nourishment for their growth. But these dry up, when there is no farther occasion for them. And hence it is, that no ill symptoms attend the falling off of these parts, when full grown.

So far we may give a probable account:—But who can account for this, that if a stag be castrated while he

is so young as not to have horns, he will never have any; and if castrated afterward, while his horns are on, he will never cast them?

[*To be continued.*]

*An Extract from a Journey, from Aleppo to Jerusalem;
at Easter, A. D. 1697.*

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. late Fellow of Exeter
College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.

[*Continued from page 125.*]

SATURDAY, March 6, we put forward again early the next morning. All along this day's journey, we observed many ruins of castles and houses, which testify that this country, however it be neglected at present, was once in the hands of a people that knew how to value it. *Strabo* gives us the names of several places situate anciently along this coast. But whether the ruins we saw, may be the remains of any of these cities, cannot well be determined; seeing all we have of those places, is only their names. The *Balanea*, of *Strabo*, is supposed to be the same place that the Turks (little changing its name) call *Baneas*. It stands upon a small declivity, about a furlong distant from the sea, and has a fine clear stream running swiftly by it on the south side. It is at present uninhabited, but its situation proves it to have been anciently a pleasant place, its ruins well-built, and its bay an advantageous habitation.

Leaving *Baneas*, we went on by the sea-side, and in about a quarter of an hour passed by an old castle, on the top of a very high mountain. It is built in the fi-

gure of an equilateral triangle, having one of its angles pointed towards the sea. The Turks call it *Merchab*: and enlarge much upon the sieges it has sustained in former times: but whatever force it may have had anciently, it is at present only a residence for poor country people.

At about one hour and a half distance from *Baneas*, we came to a small clear stream, which induced us to take up our lodging near it. We pitched in the *Campaigna* about two or three furlongs up from the sea; having in sight, on the mountains above us, a village called *Sophia*, inhabited solely by Marionites; and a little farther *Besack*, another village possessed by Turks only; and a little farther *Merakiah*, whose inhabitants are a miscellany of Christians and Turks together. Our whole stage this day was about six hours.

Sunday, March 7. We moved the next morning, and travelled still by the sea-side till we reached *Tortosa*. The ancient name of this place was *Orthosia*. It was a bishop's see in the province of *Tyre*.

Its situation is on the sea-shore; having a spacious plain extending round about it on its other sides. What remains of it is the castle, which is very large and still inhabited. On one side, it is washed by the sea; on the others, it is fortified by a double wall of coarse marble, built after the rustic manner. Between the two walls is a ditch: and likewise another encompassing the outermost wall. You enter this fortress on the north-side, over an old draw-bridge, which lands you in a spacious room for the most part uncovered, but anciently well arched over, being the church belonging to the castle. On one side it resembles a church, and in witness of its being such, shews at this day, several holy emblems carved upon its wall, as that of a dove descending, over the place where stood the altar; and in another place that of the Holy Lamb. But on the side which fronts outward, it has the face of a castle, being built with port-holes for artillery, instead of windows. Round the castle on the south and east sides, stood

anciently the city. It had a good wall and ditch encompassing it, of which there are still to be seen considerable remains. But for other buildings, there is now nothing left in it, except a church, which stands about a furlong eastward from the castle. It is one hundred and thirty foot in length, in breadth ninety-three, and in height sixty-one. Its walls and arches, and pillars, are of a bastard marble, and all still so entire, that a small expence would suffice to recover it into the state of a beautiful church again. But, to the grief of any christian beholder, it is now made a stall for cattle; and we werè, when we went to see it, almost up to our knees in dirt and mire.

[*To be continued.*]

Of the INQUISITION.

[*Continued from page 129.*]

IN the year 1483, *Thomas Turrecremata*, a Dominican friar, and prior of the convent *de Sante Crux*, at *Segovia*, and confessor to their majesties, was appointed the first inquisitor-general in the kingdom of *Spain*; and the next year sat president at the assembly of divines which settled the method of proceeding against heretical pravity, and ordained those severe laws, which the inquisitors use to this day. In 1485, the inquisitors held eight acts of faith in the town of *Gaudalup*, and delivered *Didacus Marchena*, a heretical monk, and fifty Jews, men and women, to be burnt: dug up forty-six bodies of heretics from their graves, and burnt their bones; and the effigies of twenty-five absent persons; and condemned sixteen to perpetual imprisonment; besides innumerable others sent to the gallies; and others

sentenced to wear the fanbenito, as a mark of perpetual penance and disgrace.

The officers, or as they rather chuse to be stiled, the ministers of the inquisition, are as follows; viz. An inquisitor-general, one whom the king proposes to the pope for supreme inquisitor of all his dominions, and whom the pope confirms in his office. This supreme, invested with full power in all cases relating to heresy, appoints vicars-general, or particular subordinate inquisitors in every place where there is a tribunal of the inquisition: who nevertheless cannot act unless approved by the king, to send visitors to the provinces of the inquisition, to grant dispensations to penitents and their children, and deliberate concerning other weighty affairs.

In the royal city, the king appoints the supreme council of the inquisition, over which the supreme inquisitor of the kingdom presides. He hath joined with them five counsellors, who have the title of apostolic inquisitors, who are chose by the inquisitor-general, upon the king's nomination. One of these must always be a *Dominican*, according to the constitution of *Philip III.* dated December 16, 1618. Besides these, there is an advocate-fiscal, two secretaries, and one of the king's: one receiver, two relaters, several qualificators or assessors, and counsellors. There are also officials deputed by the president, with the king's advice. The supreme authority is in this council of the inquisition.

The *familiars* are of the same degree in this court, and no better than what we call a *bailiff's follower*; which though a vile office in all other criminal courts, is by the pope's liberal grants or indulgences, and the royal privileges bestowed on this class of men, esteemed so honourable in the court of inquisition, that there is not a nobleman in *Spain* or *Portugal*, that is not in it. Their duty is to accompany the inquisitors, and if need be, to defend them from the insults of heretics; and to follow and assist the officials in apprehending criminals; and

to execute any other service to which they are warranted by the judges of the tribunal.

[*To be continued.*]

MURDER DISCOVERED.

[*Concluded from page 131.*]

LE BRUN in his behalf had nothing to oppose to those strong circumstances, but an uniform good character, which he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his lady; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, which was done with such severity on February 23, 1690, that he died the week after of the hurts he received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the provost of *Sens*, that a dealer in horses had lately set up there, by the name of *John Garlet*; but his true name was found to be *Berry*, and that he had been a footman in *Paris*. In consequence of this he was taken up. On searching him, a gold watch was found on him, which proved to be lady *Mazel's*. Being brought to *Paris*, a person swore to seeing him go out of lady *Mazel's* the night she was killed; and a barber swore to shaving him next morning. On observing his hands very much scratched, *Berry* said, he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to be put to the torture. On being tortured, he confessed, he and *Le Brun* had undertaken to rob and murder lady *Mazel*; but when he was brought to the place of execution, confessed that he came to *Paris* on the Wednesday before the murder was committed, and on the Friday

evening he went into the house unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady was gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when lady *Mazel* went to church; that knowing she would not come back soon, he got from under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay in a chair, and then sat down by the fire, till he heard her coach drive into the court-yard, when he again got under the bed, and remained there.

That lady *Mazel* having been in bed about an hour, he got from under it, and demanded her money: that she began to cry out and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her: and that she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead.

That he then took the key of the wardrobe-cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find; that he then locked the cupboard and replaced the key at the bed's head, took his hat from under the bed, and left the napkin in it; took the key of the chamber out of the chair and let himself out, and finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out and left it open.

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which condemned *Le Brun*, were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story, the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is. And the humane will agree, that in such cases, even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent.

A Description of the Mines of Salt, at Wiliska, in Poland.

[Concluded from page 133.]

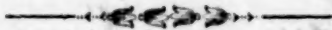
WERE this the whole beauty of the place, it were a miracle ; but this is but a small part of it : the salt, though every where as clear and bright as crystal, is in some places coloured with all the colours of the precious stones, as yellow, purple, red, green, and blue. There are multitudes of whole columns of all these kinds ; and they perfectly look like masses of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires, darting a radiance that the eye can hardly bear, and giving many people occasion to compare it to the supposed magnificence of heaven.

Beside the variety of forms of these vaults, tables, arches, and columns, which are of the workmen's making, as they dig out the salt ; for the keeping up the roof there are a vast variety of others of grotesque figures formed by nature, and these are generally of the purest and brightest salt of all. The roofs of the arches are in many places full of salt, hanging down in the form of icicles, which are as long and thick as a man's arm, and of the colour and brightness of all the gems ; and the walls are covered with various congelations of the same kind, and the very floors, where not too much trod, are covered with globules of the same beautiful materials.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and their families, some single, and others in clusters, making a sort of villages. They have very little communication with the world above ground ; and many hundreds of persons are born and live all their lives there. Along the midst of the plain lies the great road to the mouth of the mine ; along this there are always a great number of carriages passing loaded with the masses of salt, cut out of the farther part of the mine ; and carrying them to the place where the rope belonging to the wheel receives them.

The drivers of these carriages are all merry and singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. The horses kept here are a very great number, and when once let down they never see the day-light again; but most of the men take frequent occasions of going up and breathing the village air. The instruments principally used by the miners, are pickaxes, hammers, and chissels; with these they dig out the salt in form of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight. As soon as got above ground, they are broke into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are ground to powder. The finest sort of the salt is frequently cut into toys, and often passes for real crystal: this hard kind makes a great part of the floor of the mine; and what is most surprising, there runs constantly over this, and through a large part of the mine, a spring of fresh water, sufficient to supply the inhabitants and their horses, so that they need not have any from above ground. The horses usually grow blind after they have been some little time in the mine; but they do as well for service afterwards as before.

After admiring the wonders of this amazing place, it is no very comfortable remembrance to the stranger, that he is to go back again through the same dismal way he came; and indeed the journey is not much better than the prospect; the only means of getting up is by the rope and wheel, and little more ceremony being used in it than the drawing up of a piece of salt.



A summary View of the SLAVE TRADE.

Slaves are acquired by means of war.

THESE wars are, for the most part, entered into by the parties concerned, without any previous injury on either side, and for no other motive, than to fur-

nish slaves for the Europeans, by whom they have been supplied with arms and ammunition, and frequently bribed for the purpose. During some of these wars, the victors have been so incensed at the resistance they have found, that their spirit of vengeance has entirely prevailed over their avarice, and, though they have engaged in the conflict for the express purpose of procuring slaves, they have been known to murder every individual, without discrimination either of age or sex,

Slaves are acquired in consequence of crimes.

Before the slave-trade commenced, criminals were punished in Africa, much in the same manner as those among other nations; but since the introduction of this trade, all crimes have been punished with slavery. Every artifice has been used by the prince to induce the subject to become a criminal. Acts, formerly esteemed innocent, have been deemed crimes, for the sake of inflicting the punishment. New distinctions have also been made in crimes, that additional punishments might succeed. The offender, in one instance, forfeits his own freedom; in a second, that of the male part of his family, together with his own: in a third, the whole family suffer; and, in a fourth, the relations of the offender as far as they can be traced. And thus many thousands of innocent persons have been consigned to slavery.

Slaves are acquired by virtue of the right of empire in the prince.

The prince considers his villages, as so many parks or reservoirs, stocked for his own luxury and use. When the black-broker tempts him with his merchandize, and if crimes and war have not furnished him with a number adequate to the demand, he seizes certain villagers, who are put into chains, and led, whole families together, to the ships.

This is particularly the case with the king of Dahomy, who rules his subjects with such despotic sway, as to apprehend no resistance, on their part, to his measures.

However, in other parts of the country, the mode of seizing them is a little varied. The king goes with his guards to one of his villages in the night; he surrounds it, and sets it on fire; the poor villagers, flying in consternation from the flames, fall into the hands of their tyrant. This mode, therefore, differs from the former in this respect only, that many are terribly burnt on the occasion, and others perish.

Slaves are acquired by kidnapping.

Slave-hunters, consisting of the natives, are employed in the inland country to kidnap the unwary. They lie in wait frequently in the rice-fields, to carry off all such as may be stationed there for the purpose of driving the birds from the grain. They lie in wait also at the springs of water, to which the natives resort to quench their thirst, and in thickets by the sides of creeks, to fall upon those solitary beings, who fish there either for amusement or for food: but their principal station is in the long grass, by the side of particular pathways, which are cut from one village to another, from which they spring out upon their prey, and secure it.

But the natives are not the only people concerned in these iniquitous practices. The British traders have enticed the natives to the shore for the purpose of trade; they have tempted them there with biscuits, with brandy, and other spirits; and, having made them intoxicated, they have forced them on board, and sailed off with them to the colonies.

These are the various methods by which slaves have been usually obtained; and so successful have these practices been, that *many millions* of people, since the introduction of the trade, have been actually put on board European ships, and consigned to slavery.

Many of the slaves, acquired by these methods, have been brought 1200 miles from the inland country, and have been obliged to pass through inhospitable woods and deserts, where *thousands* of them have died through fatigue and thirst.

The annual exportation from Africa, consists of about *one hundred thousand* people. Of these, more than 20,000 die on their voyage, from close confinement and other causes, and at least that number in the seasoning; so that if to these we add the number that die in the different wars, and those that perish in the long and fatiguing march before described, it will appear that about a *hundred thousand* are *annually* murdered, even before the planter can say he has any additional stock for his plantation.

Of those that survive the voyage and seasoning, it may be said, that being subjected in many instances to the most cruel and despotic treatment, they perish in a few years; and scarcely a vestige is to be found, that an hundredth part of this immense body of people, annually enslaved upon the coast, had *ever been in existence*.

The author, from whom these observations are mostly taken, and whose book treats of the *injustice* and *inhumanity* of the slave-trade, is now preparing a sequel to the said work, comprehending the *impolicy* of it, and the consequences that are likely to arise from its *abolition*.

The work is to be divided into two parts.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



An Account of the Death of JOHN NELSON.

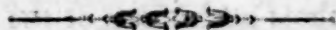
LAST Monday, about three o'clock, *John Nelson*, coming in from dining with Mr. *Jorvat*, went up into his room, and said to S. B. "I do not know that

"I have been so well after dinner this long time." In a little while, being seized with a violent purging and vomiting, he was helped to bed. He had not been there long before he became insensible, and died about half past four o'clock in the afternoon.

On Wednesday his remains were carried through the streets of *Leeds*, in his way to *Birstal*, attended by thousands! who were either singing or weeping! It was truly a very solemn season to many, to see *him* carried to his grave who had done and suffered so much in these parts for the honour of God, and the good of men. But as he died in the Lord, he now rests from his labours, and his works follow him.

O how ought we to be all humbled, on seeing the first instruments of the great revival of religion in our day, called away so fast! Lord, in mercy to the rising generation, continue a constant succession of holy, and useful men, who shall not count their lives dear unto themselves—when they may be spent for thy dear sake!

Leeds, July 22, 1774.



An Account of the Death of the late Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, in a Letter to the Rev. JOHN WESLEY: by Miss S. WESLEY.

Dear and honoured Uncle,

WE were all present when my dear, respected father departed this life. His end was, what he particularly desired it might be, peace!

For some months past he seemed totally detached from earth; he spoke very little, nor wished to hear any thing read, but the scriptures.

He took a solemn leave of all his friends. I once asked, if he had any presages that he should die; he

said, "No:" but his weakness was such, that he thought it impossible he should "live through March." He kindly bid me remember him; and seemed to have no doubt, but I should meet him in heaven.

All his prayer was, "Patience and an easy death!" He bid every one who visited him, to supplicate for these, often repeating, an "easy death!"

He told my mother, the week before he departed, that no fiend was permitted to approach him; and said, to us all, "I have a *good hope!*"

When we asked if he wanted any thing, he frequently answered, "Nothing but Christ!"

Some person observed, that the valley of the shadow of death was hard to be passed, "Not with Christ," replied he.

On March the 27th (after a most uneasy night) he prayed, as in an agony, that he might not have many such nights, "O my God, said he, not *many!*"

It was with great difficulty he seemed to speak. About ten days before, on my brother Samuel's entering the room, he took hold on his hand, and pronounced, with a voice of faith, "I shall bless God to all eternity, that ever *you* were born: I am persuaded I shall!"

My brother Charles also seemed much upon his mind; "That dear boy, said he, God bless him!"

He spoke less to me than to the rest, which has since given me some pain. However, he bade me trust in God, and never forsake him, and then be assured that he never would forsake me!

The 28th, my mother asked if he had any thing to say to us; raising his eyes, he said, "Only thanks! Love! Blessing!"

Tuesday and Wednesday he was not entirely sensible. He slept much, without refreshment, and had the restlessness of death for I think the whole week.

He was eager to depart, and if we moved him, or spoke to him, he answered, "Let me die! let me die!"

A fortnight before, he prayed with many tears for all his enemies, naming Miss F. "I beseech thee O Lord, by thine agony and bloody sweat, said he, that she may never feel the pangs of eternal death!"

When your kind letter to my brother came, (in which you affectionately tell him, that you will be a father to him and my brother Samuel,) I read it to our father; "He *will be kind* to you, said he, when I am gone: I am certain your uncle *will be kind* to all of you."

The last morning (which was the 29th of March) being unable to speak, my mother intreated him to press her hand, if he knew her, which he feebly did.

His last words which I could hear, were, "Lord—my heart—my God!" He then drew his breath short, and the last so gently, that we knew not exactly the moment in which his happy spirit fled.

His dear hand was in mine for five minutes before, and at the awful period of his dissolution.

It often had been his desire that we should attend him to the grave, and though he did not mention it again (which he did the place of his burial) during this illness, we all mean to fulfil his wish; trusting we shall be supported, as we have been hitherto, in our afflicting situations.

My dear, honoured uncle, my mother presents you her respectful love, and my brothers join with me in duty, begging your prayers for the widow and the fatherless!

I am, your afflicted and dutiful Niece,

S. WESLEY.

Chesterfield Street, April 4, 1788.

[*The ingenious and pious author of the Aramanth, a collection of Religious poems, printed in the year 1767, gives the following account of THOMAS A KEMPIS.*]

“ALL that I have been able to learn in Germany, upon good authority, concerning THOMAS A KEMPIS, is as follows:—He was born at Kempis or Kemven, a small walled town in the duchy of Cleves, and Diocese of Cologn. His family-name was Hamerlin, which signifies in the German language, a little hammer. We find also that his parents were named John and Gertrude Hamerlin. He lived chiefly in the monastery of Mount St. Agnes: where his effigy, together with a prospect of the monastery, was engraven on a plate of copper that lies over his body. The said monastery is now called Bergh-Clooster, or, as we might say in English, Hill-Cloyster: many strangers in their travels visit it.

“Kempis was certainly one of the best and greatest men since the primitive ages. His book *Of the Imitation of Christ* has seen near forty editions in the original Latin, and above sixty translations have been made from it into modern languages. Our author died August 8, 1471, aged ninety-two years. He had no manifest infirmities of old-age, and retained his eye-sight perfect to the last.

In the engraving on copper above mentioned, is represented a person respectfully presenting to him a label on which is written a verse to this effect:

“O! Where is peace? For thou its paths hast trod.”

To which Kempis returns another label, inscribed as follows:

“In poverty, retirement, and with God.”

He was a cannon regular of Augustin's, and sub-prior of Mount St. Agnes's monastery. He composed

his treatise *Of The Imitation of Christ*, in the sixty-first year of his age, as appears from a note of his own writing in the library of his convent."

The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

MATT. X. 41, 42.

He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward.

And whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.

THESE words are a declaration of that great benefit, which accrues to those who afford any succour to others; teaching, that there is no such way to fill our treasures, as by employing them for God.

For the explaining of these words, I shall briefly shew you,

1. Who is here meant by a prophet: and who by a righteous man.

2. What is meant by receiving them.

3. What is the reward that followeth hereupon.

1. Who is here meant by a prophet; and who by a righteous man?

By a prophet our Saviour here meaneth, not only extraordinary ministers; such as were extraordinarily inspired by the Holy Ghost, or who had extraordinary revelations to foretell things to come: but also ordinary ministers of the word, and interpreters of the scriptures.

By righteous men he means such as testify their justification through faith in Christ, by their sanctification, and fruits of a good conscience.

II. What is meant by receiving these?

There are two things whereto this receiving may have a respect.

1. To the word and message of a minister, and so it signifies the embracing his holy counsel and doctrine.

2. To the person of a minister, and so it signifies the harbouring or shewing kindness to him; as is evident from the instance of cold water, given unto a prophet, or righteous man, expressed in the following verse. Both these are implied under this phrase of receiving a prophet, viz. his doctrine, by embracing it; and his person, by harbouring and relieving him according to his need.

By receiving a prophet in the name of a prophet, is meant, a relieving him for his particular calling's sake, because he is a prophet. So receiving a righteous man, in the name of a righteous man, intendeth doing it, for his general calling's sake; because he is a christian, a child of God, and a member of Christ.

III. What is here meant by the reward of a prophet, and of a righteous man?

The reward which is given by God, to either of these, for that kindness which they shewed unto them, is such a surpassing, and excellent weight of glory, as cannot be expressed by the tongue of men or of angels.

From the duty here expressed of receiving, and relieving prophets and righteous men, with the manner of setting it down, we may observe,

1. That all needful succour is to be afforded to ministers of the gospel.

This is the main and principal point intended.

2. Christian kindness is to be shewed, not only to ministers, but also to all the members of Christ. For our blessed Saviour contents not himself to have mentioned a prophet, but also addeth a righteous man.

These two sorts make up the household of faith; to whom the apostle exhorted christians especially to do good, Gal. vi. 10.

But is our charity to extend no farther?

Yes, even to all that are in want, but especially to such as have a particular relation to Christ, as being his members, or ministers; because Christ in them is after an especial manner succoured and relieved. It will be therefore our wisdom to take notice of the extent of this duty and in all we do, either for christians or others, to see to it, that what we do is done for the Lord's, and for conscience sake: to the one in compassion to his members, to the other in obedience to his will.

3. According to the kindness which we shew, shall our reward be. He that receiveth, and relieveth a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward. And he that receiveth a righteous man, shall receive the reward of a righteous man.

Verse 42. And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward.

These words are added by our Saviour to the former to anticipate some objections, as also more fully to explain the forementioned points.

By little ones, our Saviour meaneth no other than such as in the foregoing verse, he hath stiled prophets and righteous ones.

They are called little ones in two respects.

1. In regard of the world's esteem of them.
2. In regard of their own account of themselves.

[*To be continued.*]

*An Account of Mr. HENRY FOSTER: in a Letter to the
Rev. J. WESLEY.*

Rev. and dear Sir,

IT is a pity I cannot furnish you with more memorandums, of a man of so much good sense, and unaffected piety, as Mr. *Henry Foster*, who is now with God. I looked over his papers, but found not what I could wish. One reason was, he was unable to write long before he died: another, he kept no journal of any consideration: lastly, his friends (however much they esteemed him) neglected to make those remarks which could have been wished for on an occasion so interesting.

One thing that appears to me to set his piety in a very strong point of view, is a solemn covenant-dedication of himself to God, which he subscribed with his own hand, and is as follows:

“ Eternal and unchangeable Jehovah: thou great Creator of heaven and earth; thou adorable Lord of angels and men: I desire, with the deepest humiliation, and self-abasement, to fall down in thy awful presence; and earnestly pray, that thou wouldst penetrate my heart with a suitable sense of thine unutterable and inconceivable glories!

Trembling may justly take hold on me, when I, a sinful worm, presume to lift my head to thee, and to appear in thy presence, on such an occasion! What am I, O Lord God! What is my nature, and descent; my character and desert; that I should speak of being a party in a covenant, where thou, the great King of kings, and Lord of lords, art the other!

I blush and am confounded, even to mention it before thee; but, O Lord! as thy majesty is great, so also is thy mercy! If thou wilt hold converse with any of thy creatures, thy excellency must stoop infinitely low! And I know that in and through Jesus, the Son of thy

love, thou condescendest to visit sinful men, and to allow them to approach unto thee: I know, that the way and method of doing this thou hast graciously condescended to lay before us. To thee, therefore do I come; and laying myself at thy feet, with shame and confusion of face, I say, with the humble publican, God be merciful to me a sinner! I acknowledge, O Lord, that I have been a great transgressor! that my sins have reached to the heavens, and that mine iniquities are lifted up to the skies! The base affections of my corrupt nature, have, in ten thousand instances, wrought in me to bring forth fruit unto death: and if thou shouldst be extreme to mark iniquity, I must be silent, under a load of guilt, and immediately sink into destruction.

But thou hast graciously invited me to return unto thee, though I have been a wandering sheep, a prodigal son, a backsliding child. Therefore, O Lord, I come unto thee! I come convinced, not only of my sin, but of my folly! I come, from my very heart, ashamed of myself; and with deep humility confess, that I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly; and am confounded at the remembrance of these things. But be thou merciful to my unrighteousness, O Lord! and remember not against me my transgressions?

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Ancient City of HERCULANEUM, destroyed by an Eruption of MOUNT VESUVIUS, with Descriptions of some of the Antiquities found there.

THIS great catastrophe was occasioned by an eruption of *Mount Vesuvius*, so early as the days of the emperor *Titus*; in which the city of *Herculaneum* perished, and was overwhelmed with the ashes, sulphur,

and other matter, thrown out of that mountain to eighty feet deep, and in some places to more than a hundred. It has been the general opinion, that this city sunk into the earth at that time; but by what I * have seen of it, and by what I can judge, by the face of the country all around, there has been no such thing; for, the whole earth now thereabout has been made up plainly to a vast depth by the disgorging of the Mount; and the city, many parts of which I have within these few days seen, has all its buildings standing perfectly upright; which could not have been the case had they sunk; for they would then necessarily have leaned, and many of them fell by the fault of their foundation; as we cannot suppose so great an extent of earth, and that so irregularly loaded, to have sunk perfectly even.

Be this as it may, however, we are very certain that it is so long ago that the city perished; and at different times in several ages since, there have been attempts to dig and penetrate into it, and one thing or other has often been discovered. There are in many of the neighbouring places remains of Roman statues, which have been taken out, some a hundred, some two, and some, it is said, six hundred years ago. But about eighty years since, a bold attempt was made for the penetrating a great way into it; a private gentleman having secretly caused to be taken up as much treasure of one sort or other, as he sold for eighteen thousand pounds sterling; but one of his labourers, at length betraying him, and the thing getting air, the government became apprized of it, and seized on the effects of the person concerned, who was forced to fly for it, and spent the remainder of his life in some obscure part of the *German* dominions. The court however made no use of this discovery; but the thing slept till 1738, when many hands were employed, and have been ever since, to penetrate into it, and bring up the various treasures; the greatest of which are the paintings, which however

* The writer of this Narrative.

are very difficult to preserve, not being done in the modern way of frames, but on the plaister of the walls.

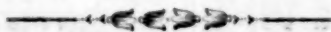
They have within these six months sunk a new passage into the higher part of the city; which is sufficiently broad and convenient. They descended before by some brick steps arched over the top, but having cleared away all which that part of the town afforded, till they came to a large circular wall, so thick that they could not get through it, they have now begun in a new place. They hoped to have got through this, as the other walls; but found that the earth was so much higher behind it than on their side, that they laboured in vain, and therefore sunk the present opening. The steps they first descended by, were at first supposed by the Virtuosi and Antiquarians, to be the work of the inhabitants, to get away their treasure after the loss of the place; but this was soon found to be a groundless notion, this work having never penetrated into the city, and the bricks being not at all like those in the buildings of it. Besides, there is no sand in the mortar they are joined with, which determines its date to be of not more than three hundred years; and the cement of all the buildings of the city itself is harder than the bricks, and all composed of lime and yellow sand.

Having got all they could out of this passage, they were obliged to sink the new one, just mentioned; this is very broad, and less steep than the former, and is propped at intervals with wood work. The substance through which it is cut is truly wonderful. In one place are vast beds of yellow, blue, and green sulphur, which take fire at carrying a candle by them. In others the sides are crammed with such sort of stuff as you make the rough work of grottos with in *England*. In others, it seems all cut through a bed of ashes; and here it is forced to be propped up all the way, and faced with boards. In another place you may see vast lumps of glass of all colours, made by the heat of the fire. In some there are blocks of pure metal, not a little of which when it is fresh broken, seems very full of gold

and silver; so that I am apt to think this will one time or other be found to be the most valuable part of the treasure. These pieces all look very full of different colours, and strike fire with the tools, smelling like brimstone.

It is remarkable, that in the whole passage, there has not been discovered so much as a single lump of natural mould, nor a pebble, but all sulphur and melted matter. And as we go lower toward the bottom, we sometimes may observe whole streams, that seem to have been rivers of melted iron, which have also fallen in some places into the town and filled whole streets; and very likely this may have been the case, where the workmen at the other entrance could make no farther way. When we are here got to the level of the town, we are received in a broad open square, partly natural, partly owing to the workmen having removed and pulled down the walls; and all round this they have broke into several fine apartments, and in one place into a whole street. Many people have been down, and gone a great way, and talk of fine things they have met with; but an accident has happened which has intimidated them, two of the workmen being crushed to death and buried in the ruins of a wall that fell upon them, and two others narrowly escaped the same fate.

[*To be continued.*]



FILIAL AFFECTION rewarded.

FREDERICK the late king of *Prussia* having rang his bell one day, and no body answering, opened the door, and found the page asleep on a sofa. He was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know the contents, he took and read it, and found it

was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and she concluded with beseeching God to bless him for his filial goodness.

The king returned softly to his room, took a roller of ducats, and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment he rang so violently, that the page awoke, opened the door and entered. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, happened to put his hand in his pocket, and felt with astonishment the roller. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. "What is the matter," said the king, "what ails you?" "Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "some body wished to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket." "My friend, said Frederick, God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother; salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and you."



A Description of the BANYAN, or INDIAN FIG-TREE.

THIS tree is, perhaps, the most beautiful production of nature in the vegetable kingdom. Some of these trees are of an amazing size, and as they are always increasing, they may in some measure be said to be exempted from decay. Every branch proceeding from the trunk throws out its own roots, first in small fibres, at the distance of several yards from the ground. These, continually becoming thicker when they approach the earth, take root, and shoot out new branches, which in time bend downwards, take root in the like manner, and produce other branches, which continue

in this state of progression as long as they find soil to nourish them.

The Hindoos are remarkably fond of this tree, for they look upon it as the emblem of the Deity, on account of its outstretching arms, and its shadowy beneficence. They almost pay it divine honours, and

“ Find a fane in every sacred grove.”

Near these trees, the most celebrated pagodas are generally erected : the Bramins spend their lives in religious solitude under their friendly shade ; and the natives of all casts and tribes are fond of recreating in the cool recesses and natural bowers of this umbrageous canopy, which is impervious to the fiercest beams of the tropical sun.

This tree, called in India *Cubeer Burr*, in honour of a famous saint, was much larger than it is at present ; for high floods have, at different times, carried away the banks of the island where it grows, and along with them such parts of the trees as had extended their roots thus far ; yet, what still remains is about two thousand feet in circumference, measuring round the principal stems ; but the hanging branches, the roots of which have not reached the ground, cover a much larger extent. The chief trunks of this single tree amount to three hundred and fifty, all superior in size to the generality of our English oaks and elms ; the smaller stems, forming into stronger supporters, are more than three thousand, and each of these new branches and hanging roots are proceeding, which in time will form trunks, and become parents to a future progeny.

This tree grows in an island in the river *Nerbedda*, ten miles from the city of *Baroche*, in the province of *Guzzarat*, a flourishing settlement lately in the possession of the East-India Company, but ceded by the government of Bengal, at the treaty of peace concluded with the Mahrattas, in 1783, to Mhadajee, a Mahratta chief.

Cubeer Burr is famed throughout Indostan for its great extent, antiquity, and great beauty. The Indian armies

often encamp around it, and at certain seasons solemn Jaltarahs, or Hindoo festivals, are held here, to which thousands of votaries repair from various parts of the Mogul empire. Seven thousand persons, it is said, may easily repose under its shade. There is a tradition among the natives, that this tree is three thousand years old, and there is reason to believe it, and that it is this amazing tree which Arrian describes, when speaking of the Gymnosophists, in his book of Indian affairs. "These people, says he, live naked." In winter they enjoy the benefit of the sun's rays in the open air; "and in summer, when the heat becomes excessive, they pass their time in moist and marshy places under large trees; which, according to Nearchus, cover a circumference of five acres, and extend their branches so far that ten thousand men may easily find shelter under them."

English gentlemen, when on hunting and shooting parties, used to form extensive encampments, and to spend several weeks under this delightful pavilion of foliage, which is generally filled with green wood pigeons, doves, peacocks, butbills, and a variety of feathered songsters; together with monkeys amusing with their droll tricks, bats of a large size, some of which measure more than six feet from the extremity of one wing to the other. This tree not only affords shelter but sustenance to all its inhabitants, being loaded with small figs of a rich scarlet colour, on which they regale with as much delight as the lords of the creation on their most costly viands.

Milton describes this tree in the following words, in the ninth book of *his Paradise Lost*.

" So counsell'd he, and both together went
 Into the thickest wood: there soon she chose
 The fig-tree: not that kind for fruit renown'd;
 But such as at this day, to Indians known,
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade

High over arch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds,
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade."

Thus far the description is equally beautiful and just; but what follows serves only to confound another with this, viz. the plaintain tree, the leaves of which, according to Milton's description, are, "broad as Amazonian targe." The latter is also called *Ficus Indica*; and it is strange, that of all the authors who have written on the Banyan tree, no one but Linnæus has made this distinction, neither have their numerous commentators ever taken any notice of it.

Sir Walter Raleigh thought he had seen many Banyan trees in America, but his description plainly proves that he was mistaken. What he took to be the *Ficus Indica*, was the Mangrove tree, which is very common in South-America, as well as in the East and West-Indies.



A Warning to Wicked Parents not to curse their Children.

J. P. a collier, near *Billston* in *Staffordshire*, having two sons, bred them up to the same business. A day or two before Christmas 1787, he was greatly displeased with the elder of the two, who worked at *Tip-ton-Green*, about a mile from where they lived, because he went not to his work in due time in the morning. The father and the younger son being at work together near *Billston*, the lad spoke to his father about getting them a pork-pye on Christmas-day. He answered in a rage, "How can I provide a pye, unless I was to cut up one of you (meaning his sons) for a pye?" And then exclaimed bitterly against the other son, with an imprecation that the devil might dash his brains out, and break him in pieces. His wish was granted, and as

near as could be judged, in that very instant. In the pit where the son worked, a man being sent for drink, he was called from where he was at work, to take that person's place; and just as he began to work, above a tun weight of coals fell upon him, and broke him in pieces, in such a manner as had never been seen in that colliery before. The unhappy father desired it might be made public, as a warning to others.



Anecdote of the EMPEROR THEODOSIUS.

[From Bishop Bull's works.]

“**W**HEN *Theodosius* the great was emperor, and went to see *Constantinople*; the bishops who were in the city went to the palace to salute him, according to custom. Amongst them was a certain old man, the bishop of an obscure city, plain indeed, and not much versed in civil or worldly matters, but a good divine. The other bishops, in a courtly and respectful manner, complimented their prince. The old man did so likewise: yet he did not honour the emperor's son as the others had done; but, approaching him as a boy, said, “God save thee, son!” and began to stroke him with his hand.

The emperor was moved, and resenting it as an injury done to his son, that he was not equally honoured as himself, commanded the old bishop to be expelled in disgrace. As they were removing him, he turned and said, “Thus think, O king, that the heavenly Father is angry at those, who honour not the Son with equal honour, and presumptuously say, that he is less than him that begat him.” The emperor, struck with the saying, called back the bishop, and having asked his pardon, confessed he had said true.

Moral Sentiments.[Selected from *Human Prudence*. By E. C.]

AN Ingenious and industrious youth seldom fails of a virtuous and a happy life.

Let every man mind his own business, and do his own duty.

A wise man will employ his thoughts upon things substantial and useful.

There is a superfine, curious sort of learning, which signifies no more than a splendid foppery, to no manner of purpose. For what the better are we for those studies which furnish us *only* with thoughts and words to no use or benefit? What is it to us to know how many knots *Hercules* had in his club, or whether *Penelope* was honest or not?

Never puzzle your head with the fantastical quirks of the schools; as, how many angels can dance on the point of a needle; nor beat your brain about the proportion between the *cylinder* and the *sphere*: though *Archimedes* highly valued himself upon the invention. That is the best knowledge which makes us good and useful in the world, rather than learned. True knowledge values things by weight and measure, and not by the distinction of words and authorities. A smatterer in every thing, is commonly good for nothing. Be not like a fripperer's shop, that hath many ends and remnants, but not a good piece in it.

Study useful knowledge, and leave the rest for fops, pedants, and fools. But, above all, study to be good, and this will lead to happiness here and hereafter. /

Letters.

L E T T E R L.

[From Miss Bosanquet, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cross Hall, Feb. 7, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your kind favour of Jan. 27. It yielded us much satisfaction; for never before could we get any account to be depended on.

I am exceedingly thankful Mr. Fletcher is with Mrs. Greenwood. She will tenderly care for him: and, having a spiritual mind, will be sensible of the honour God does her, in giving her such an opportunity.

How wise are all the ways of God, in keeping his faithful servant in that retired spot, while those precious works were compleated, by which he will yet speak to us, though in glory: and now to enable him to bring them out, while his exemplary life and conversation adds a lustre to those truths he hath so powerfully defended.

We could have liked to have seen him here once more; but the will of the Lord be done! But should it happen that this sickness is not unto death, we shall rejoice in having an opportunity of assisting him in any thing which lies in our power. Should this favour be denied us, we must be content; and beseech God to reward those who may supply our lack of service.

The blessed account you give of the state of his mind filled my soul with sacred joy, as also those of my friends. While I was reading it, it was a season of faith and love, and we could not help saying, Ah Lord! Let not this shining light be so soon extinguished.

A few weeks ago, I once more read over the Equal Check, and felt an unction in it above all I had ever found before. The Essay on Truth, with the appendix, is even as marrow and fatness to my soul. O may all

the height and depth of every gospel promise be written on his heart!

Glory be to God, I prove him a kind and tender Father. I have daily had some exercising trials both in my health, and in some other affairs: but O, how shall I ever praise him enough! It hath been to me an useful and profitable time. I am more than ever convinced, that the sinner is both safe and comfortable when Jesus walks with him, even in the fire. I see such love and wisdom in every cup the Lord is pleased to mix me, that all my soul does acknowledge, Thy will is best!

I remain, Dear Sir, yours affectionately,

M. BOSANQUET.

L E T T E R L I.

[From Mr. R. C. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Feb. 8, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

AS you desire to know the dealings of God with me, I send you the following account.

Since the conference I have been completely happy, and have found rest in all circumstances, both as a christian and as a preacher: whether going by the way-side, or lying down, or rising up, the Lord has been my portion, and satisfies my soul with the treasures of his house.

I have lately received a remarkable answer to prayer, in the great change wrought on my mother; and was so overwhelmed with joy, that I was incapable of reading, or praying. If you knew how settled a Pharisee, and how fixed an enemy to Methodism she was, you would own that we may have any thing for asking.

At present I am so dead to all persons and things here below, that I have no desire to see home any more; unless the Lord should see good to will it.

Often when the world is wrapt up in sleep, I have such views of heaven, that I have scarce patience to be kept out of it: and often think that an hour of earnest prayer would make me too happy to do my business. God gives me to penetrate heaven and hell, and to see the worth of souls in such a manner as makes me forget myself. It is true, I cannot see thousands falling before me, and tens of thousands on my right hand, crying out for God; yet I have greater cause to be satisfied with my labours this year, than the last. O what would I not do to save souls from eternal death!

A few days since, being much urged to visit Scotter, I could no longer withstand. At the appointed time the river was frozen over; but though my horse could not pass, the rider did: and walked through the snow, knee deep, all the way over the common. At night we were like those supposed to be full of new wine. In the morning a young man came back part of the way with me. A little after we parted, I met two travellers, who asked the way. After directing them, I said a great deal to them about Christ and eternity. As they appeared much affected, I cried out, Lord, what shall I say to these thy creatures, to induce them to serve thee? Then turning to them I said, Not long since I parted from a young man, and before I left him we went to prayer on the mountain. And seeing there is none but the eye of heaven upon us, perhaps if I ask you to kneel down with me, you will not be ashamed. As they earnestly said no, we kneeled down together, and I wrestled with God for them. When we had done, the poor man, as if he thought himself unworthy, would hardly shake hands with me; but the woman, with tears flowing down her face, eagerly caught my hand and kissed it. If you had seen their thankfulness, and heard the many blessings they sent after me, you would have rejoiced. O how willingly

could I have washed the feet of those poor creatures, for whom Christ died! Lord, thou knowest I am little and base in my own eyes; and content to be counted the off-scouring of all things, so thine honour be advanced.

R. C.

L E T T E R LII.

[From Lady —, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Edinburgh, June 31, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I THANK you for your obliging letter, and for the desire you expressed of coming further North, had it been convenient for you. Your steps, I trust, are all ordered by him that cannot err. I doubt not but he leads you where you can bring most glory to his name, and enjoy most of his presence; and here I believe your views all terminate, independent of persons, places, or things: Glorious liberty! May you daily increase in it! and may I also prove all its heights and depths!

If an unperceived degree of self-love does not make the scale preponderate in my own favour, I have not lost ground, but still hold fast that measure of sanctification I received some time ago. Of late I feel a sensible increase. Since I wrote last, God has been more than ever as a place of broad waters unto me. My fellowship is now continually with the Father and the Son, through the eternal Spirit! Without interruption I see Jesus as the King in his beauty, and feel him nigh. Through mercy I enjoy such a sweet intercourse with him, as I cannot easily express. Wherever I am, or however employed, I am enabled to realize the presence of God; and though often engaged with a variety of persons, places, and things, my soul silently converses with him! Through this intercourse with

heaven, my mind is kept in peace, in spite of the various stratagems of the enemy. Yet I do not experience a rapturous joy: it is rather a calm silent enjoyment of God, which spreads a heavenly serenity through my soul. This makes me continually wish to glorify God in every possible way.

At the same time I am kept deeply sensible that I am nothing, and have nothing but what is freely bestowed. I am also sweetly drawn to forget the things that are behind, and to press on to the possession of every blessing which Christ has purchased for me.

Forgive this tedious account. It is not my usual manner to say so much about myself, but as you asked me the state of my soul, I thought it a call to declare what God had done for me. By thus obliging you, I do myself a favour. Could I add any thing to your spiritual comfort, I should feel a superior pleasure. If you desire to oblige me, continue to write, and speak freely, and thereby you will add to the many obligations already conferred on, Rev. Sir, your affectionate friend in Jesus,



Poetry.

On hearing a Conversation about a Piece of Poetry in the March Number of the Magazine, "Upon Discord in Music." By E. C.

A CONNOISIEUR declares that piece is good,
 And should be kept as a chastising rod,
 To scourge discordant fingers, who abuse
 That ART, which we to raise devotion use.—
 Confusion, jargon, and a dismal noise,
 Must grieve the mind, and damp a christian's joys.

Let each one study tones of melody,
 And gain the art of sacred harmony;
 Then sing unto the Lord a holy song—
 Pure streams of psalmody to him belong:
 In chorus join, and thus let voices raise,
 And with the spirit sing JEHOVAH'S praise.

The piece of March, has had its good effect,
 On those who willingly their faults correct.
 Good judges say it is a fine comment
 On hateful discord, and most excellent;
 But some, who think it was for them intended,
 Appear as if they were almost offended.
 Reproof or counsel some will ne'er attend,
 And thus we cannot hope to see them mend;
 To tell them of their faults, it gives offence—
 'Tis owing to their pride, or want of sense.
 "For every trifle scorn to take offence;
 "That always shews great pride, or little sense:
 "Good nature and good sense must always join;
 "To err is human, to forgive divine."——*Pope.*

From NORRIS, by Mason.

[Selected for the Magazine, by E. C.]

It doth not yet appear what we shall be. *St. JOHN.*

"**T**HOU must expire, my soul, ordain'd to range }
 "Through unexperienc'd scenes, and myst'ries }
 "strange; }
 "Dark the event, and dismal the exchange.
 "But when compell'd to leave this house of clay,
 "And to an unknown *somewhere* wing thy way.
 "When time shall be eternity, and thou }
 "Shalt be thou know'st not what, nor where, nor how, }
 "Trembling and pale—— }

" Amazing state !—No wonder that we dread
 " The thoughts of death, or faces of the dead,
 " His black retinue sorely strikes our mind,
 " Sicknefs and pain before, and darknefs all behind.

" Some courteous ghofl, the fecret then reveal ;
 " Tell us what you have felt, and we mufl feel :
 " You warn us of approaching death ; and why
 " Will you not teach us what it is to die ?
 " But having fhut the gulph, you love to view
 " Succeeding fpirits plung'd along like you :
 " Nor lend a friendly hand to guide them through. }

" When dire difeafe fhall cut, or age untie
 " The knot of life, and fuffer us to die :
 " When after fome delay, fome trembling ftrife,
 " The foul flands quiv'ring on the ridge of life :
 " With fear and hope ſhe throbs, then curious tries
 " Some *ſtrange hereafter*, and ſome hidden ſkies !"

To whom is death a *ſtrange ſurprife* ?
 To him who ne'er his heart applies
 To that which fits us for the ſkies.— }

To whom is death a *ſweet repoſe* ?
 To him who his Redeemer knows :
 To joys unknown, in faith, he goes ! }

E. C.—t.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

HERE lies the ſcorn of infamy,
 A ſcandal to reproach itſelf ;
 A Miſer of uncommon dye,
 Whoſe very blood and bones were peſt ;
 And yet he had whereof to boaſt,
 Although he gave no tythe nor tool :
 He lov'd his god, and, to his coſt,
 So ſerv'd him, as to loſe his ſoul !